Grego. The heads of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it ſenſe that feele it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand, and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of fleſh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fiſh, if thou hadſt, thou hadſt bin poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the houſe of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other ſeruing men.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

Sam. Let vs take the law of our ſides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I paſſe by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is diſgrace to them if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs ſir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe ſir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs ſir?

Samp. Is the law of our ſide if I ſay I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No ſir, I do not bite my thumbe at you ſir, but I bite my thumbe ſir.

Greg. Do you quarell ſir?

Abra. Quarell ſir, no ſir.

Sā. But if you do ſir, I am for you, I ſerue as good a mā as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well ſir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maiſters kinſmen.

Sam. Yes better ſir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy waſhing blowe. *They fight.*

Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your ſwords, you know not what you do. *Enter*

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne amo
turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy d

Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, pu
or manage it to part theſe men with me

Tib. What drawne and talke of peac
as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citize

Offi. Clubs, Bils and Partiſons, ſtrike
Downe with the Capulets, downe wit

Enter old Capulet *in his gown*

Capu. What noyſe is this? giue me

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why cal

Cap. My ſword I ſay, old *Mountagu*
And floriſhes his blade in ſpight of me

Enter old Mountague *and*

Mount. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold

M. *Wife.* 2. Thou ſhalt not ſtir one

Enter Prince Eskales, *with hi*

Prince. Rebellious ſubiects enemie
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtayne
Will they not heare? what ho, you me
That quench the fire of your pernicio
With purple fountaines iſſuing from
On paine of torture from thoſe bloud
Throw your miſtempered weapons to
And heare the ſentence of your moue
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie w
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice diſturbd the quiet of our
And made *Veronas* auncient Citizens
Caſt by their graue beſeeming ornam
To wield old partizans, in hands as o
Cancred with peace, to part your canc
If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe